

T H E  
L I F E

Of the late Reverend

Mr. JAMES HERVEY, A. M. <

Rector of *Weston-Favell*, Northamptonshire.

C O N T A I N I N G

*HIS birth—Education—Ordination—He succeeds his Father in Weston-Favell—Refuses to be a Pluralist, and to accept of Collingtree—His last illness, and behaviour under it—His last words and death—His Character as a minister ; method and frequency of preaching—Catechising, and re-proving—His private Character ; his method with his domestics, and heavenly conversation in company—His great liberality to the poor, and frugal management of it—His learning—His great meekness and humility, instanced—His remarks on Mr. Sandieman's Letters.*

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THE  
L I F E

OF THE LATE REVEREND  
Mr. *JAMES HERVEY.*

THE Rev. Mr. JAMES HERVEY was born on Friday the 26th of Feb. 1713-14, at Hardingstone, a country village, one mile from Northampton; his father being then minister of the parish of Collingtree, within two miles of Hardingstone. His mother taught him to read. When he was seven years of age he was sent as a day-scholar to the free-grammar-school at Northampton, where he learned Latin and Greek; but his progress was retarded by his school-master, who would not suffer any scholar to learn faster than his own son. At school he shewed a remarkable dexterity at all the innocent games usual among children. At the age of seventeen he was entered of Lincoln College, Oxford, under Mr. Hutchins, now Rector of that College. The first two or three years he gave little application

application to his studies; but in 1733, contracting an acquaintance with some persons, who began to be distinguished by their serious impressions of Religion, he became more attached both to piety and learning. He made himself master of *Keil's Anatomy*, *Derham's Physico-Theology* and *Astro-Theology*, and *Speſtacle de la Nature*; which last he read with peculiar satisfaction; nor was he less delighted by *Spence's Essay on Pope's Odeſſey*; to which he often acknowledged that he owed more of his improvement in ſtile and compoſition, than to any other.

Whilst he was at Lincoln-College he had a ſmall exhibition of about 20 l. a-year; and when he was ordained, his father preſſed him very much to take ſome Curacy, in or near Oxford, and to hold his exhibition; but this he would by no means comply with, thinking it an injuſtice to detain it, after he was in orders, from another perſon who might more want the benefit of that proviſion. He was determined againſt being a Pluraliſt; and notwithſtanding his father kept him at Oxford, with a deſign he ſhould take his degree of Maſter of Arts, and conſtantly urged him to do it, yet he could not be perſwaded to yield to ſuch a requeſt, though he was of a ſufficient ſtanding, looking upon that ſtep as a qualification intended for his future holding both his father's livings. He took only the degree of Batchelor of Arts at Oxford.

When he left that place in 1736, he went to his father, and was his Curate; and afterwards he went to London, where he ſtaid ſome time.

He



He then was Curate at Dummer, where he continued about twelve months; and upon his leaving that Curacy, in the year 1738, he was invited to Stoke Abbey, in Devonshire, the seat of the late Paul Orchard, Esq; who valued him very much for his unaffected piety. When his eldest son, the present Paul Orchard, Esq; to whom the second volume of Mr. Hervey's *Meditations* is dedicated, was to be baptized, he insisted that Mr. Hervey should be one of his God-fathers, that he might have an eye to his Christian education; and this he did in preference to many gentlemen of large estates in that neighbourhood, who would have thought themselves honoured to have stood sponsors for Mr. Orchard's son.

In the year 1740, he undertook the Curacy of Biddeford, fourteen miles from Stoke-Abbey, where he lived greatly beloved by his people; his congregation was large though his stipend was small; his friends, therefore, made a collection yearly for him, which raised his income to 60l. per ann. At Biddeford he was Curate about two years and an half, and remained so until there was a new Rector of that church (his Rector being dead) who dismissed Mr. Hervey from his Curacy, against the united requests of his parishioners, who offered to maintain him at their own expence. During the time that he lived in the West he planned his *Meditations*, and probably wrote some part of them. He says in his first volume of *Meditations*, That it was in a ride to Kilhampton, in Cornwall, that he  
went

went into the church, where he layes the scene of his *Meditations among the Tombs*.

In August 1743, or thereabouts, he returned from Biddeford to Weston-Favell, and officiated as Curate to his father.

The first of his writings which raised the attention of the publick, was his *Meditations*, published in Feb. 1745-6. This performance being well received by the publick, a second volume, containing *Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens*, and *A Winter Piece* came abroad in December 1747.

In June, 1750, his health being much impaired by his great attention to duty, and his friends judging that the change of the air might be of benefit to him they formed a design which they executed, of conveying him to London, under a pretence of his riding a few miles in a friend's post-chaise, who was going thither. He staid in London from June 1750, until April or May, 1752; during which time he was visited with a severe sickness, which had well nigh put a period to his painful life; but he recovered, and, upon his father's death, in May, 1752, he returned to Weston, and succeeded him in the family livings of Weston-Favell, worth about 100 l. and of Collingtree, about 5 miles from it, worth about 80 l. a-year. For some time he remained determined to have Weston-Favell only, and this he frequently declared to his family and friends, and refused to accept of Collingtree, or to qualify himself for it; insomuch, that it was in danger of lapsing to the Bishop; but at length,

length, through the earnest and constant intreaties of his family, and of his friends, who, unknown to him, had sent to, and procured from Oxford, the necessary certificates of his being a Bachelor of Arts, in order to his taking his Master's Degree at Clarehall, Cambridge, he was, after much importunity, prevailed on to comply with their request: and when he waited on Dr. Thomas, the then bishop of Peterborough, for institution to Collingtree, which was near six months after he had been inducted into Weston, he said to him; 'I suppose your Lordship will be surpris'd to see James Hervey come to desire your Lordship to permit him to be a Pluralist; but I assure you, I do it to satisfy the repeated solicitations of my mother and my sister, and not to please myself.'

In November 1752, he printed his *Remarks on Lord Balingbroke's Letters on the study and use of History*; which were not written with a design to be published.

The year following, he published, for the benefit of a poor diseased child, a sermon preached at the Visitation of Dr. Brown, Archdeacon of Northampton, under the title of *The Cross of Christ the Christian's Glory*. He had preached before this another sermon at the same church; which he had been solicited to print, but could not then be prevailed upon to do it; but since his death it has been published, under the title of *The Ministry of Reconciliation, &c.*

His *Theron and Aspasio* was published in January 1755. Some passages in this valuable performance

formance gave offence to several who were attached, in general, to the Author's own favourite system of *Calvinism*: The *Arminians* too objected to that work: and Mr. Wesley in particular, with some others, wrote against it. Mr. Hervey's own defence of *Theron* and *Aspasio*, against the objections of Mr. Wesley was transmitted fair for the press from his short-hand copy within a few pages; and would have been published in a volume of the same size with *Theron* and *Aspasio*, had he lived a few weeks longer. This Manuscript is now in possession of his brother Mr. William Hervey Wine Merchant in Mile's-Lane, London, and it is much to be wished that he would publish it.

In August 1757, Mr. Hervey obliged the publick with the substance of *three Sermons* preached by him on the late *publick Fast-Days*.

His labours, both in his ministerial office and in his study, were pursued by him as long as possible, under the disadvantage of a very weak constitution of body; which, together with the severity of his last illness, he supported without a single expression of peevishness. That illness had long been coming on, but greatly increased in the beginning of October 1758, and grew very formidable in the December following; for on Sunday the 3d of that month, in the evening, after prayer in his family, he seemed to be arrested by the messenger of death, so that the united assistance of his sister and servant, with difficulty enabled him to get up stairs into his room. His illness gaining ground every day, he soon became



became sensible that his end was approaching. He had frequent and violent returns of the cramp which gave him much acute pain. He had likewise a hectick cough, which afflicted him so grievously in the night, that he could seldom lie in bed till four\* in the morning; and was often obliged to rise at two, especially as opium (how much soever guarded by other medicines) would not agree with him.

On the 15th of that month, he complained of a pain in his side, for which at his own desire he was blooded; though his physician Dr. Stonehouse had objected to it; apprehending him too weak to bear any evacuation of that kind. When the Surgeon came, he could scarcely perceive any pulsation, and therefore took away no more than four ounces of blood, intimating to his relations and friends, that the case was desperate and that he had blooded him very unwillingly, and merely to satisfy Mr. Hervey's desire, who had some hope that the pain might possibly be relieved by it. His Curate the Reverend Mr. Abraham Maddock, being much with him in the afternoon of that day, Mr. Hervey spoke to him in strong and pathetic terms of his assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ, "O! said he, what has Christ, how much has Christ done for me; and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached once a week it was at last a burden to me. I

B.

\* When Mr. Hervey was in tolerable health, he rarely lay in bed after six, even in the winter; and rose still earlier in the summer.

“ have not visited the people of my parish as  
 “ I ought to have done ; and thus have preached as  
 “ it were from house to house. I have not taken  
 “ every opportunity of speaking for Christ.”  
 These expressions being accompanied with tears,  
 which were too visible not to be observed ; and  
 lest his tears, should be misinterpreted, as they  
 had been conversing about his long expected  
 end ; and of his assurance of happiness ; he pro-  
 ceeded thus. “ Do not think that “ I am afraid  
 “ to die ; I assure you I am not. I know what  
 “ my Saviour hath done for me, and I want to  
 “ be gone. But I wonder and lament to think  
 “ of the love of Christ in doing so much for me,  
 “ and how little I have done for him.” And in  
 another conversation, discoursing likewise of  
 his approaching dissolution, which he did with  
 the utmost calmness and serenity ; and of the  
 little which we know of God’s word, he said, —  
 “ How many precious texts are there, big with  
 “ the rich truths of Christ, which we do not com-  
 “ prehend, which we know nothing of ; and of  
 “ those which we do know, how few do we re-  
 “ member ? *Bonus textuarius est bonus theologus,*  
 “ and that is the armour. The word of God  
 “ is the sword, these texts are the weapons, which  
 “ I must use when that subtle spirit, that arch-  
 “ adversary of mankind, comes to tempt and sift  
 “ me in my last conflict. Surely I had need be  
 “ well provided with these weapons, I had need  
 “ have my quiver full of them, to answer Satan  
 “ with texts out of the word of God, when he  
 “ assaults me”

On the 19th, the pains of his body abated,  
 and

and he grew drowsy and lethargick ; but in the night following, his immediate death was apprehended.

The next day (the 20th) he was visited by Dr. Stonhouse, who declared, that in his opinion, Mr. Hervey could not live above three or four days ; and discoursing on the unprofitableness of riches to the irreligious, Mr. Hervey replied, ' True, Doctor, true, the only valuable treasures are in heaven. What would it avail me now to be Archbishop of Canterbury ? Disease would shew respect to my mitre. That prelate is not only very great, but, I am told, he has religion really at heart ; yet it is *godliness* and not *grandeur*, that will avail him hereafter. The gospel is offered to me, a poor country parson, the same as to his Grace : Christ makes no difference between us. Oh ! why then do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour ; fawn upon the *great*, and hunt after *worldly preferments* with so much eagerness to the disgrace of our order ? These, these are the things, Doctor, and not our poverty or obscurity, which render the Clergy so justly contemptible to the worldings. No wonder the service of our church, grieved I am to say it, is become such a formal lifeless thing, since it is, alas ! too generally executed by persons dead to godliness in all their conversation ; whose indifference to religion, and worldly-minded behaviour, proclaim the little regard they pay to the doctrines of the Lord who bought them.'

When the Doctor was going away, Mr. Hervey

vey with great tenderness observed to him, that as not long ago he had a dangerous fall from his horse, by which he was much bruised ; and as he had been very ill, and then looking very pale, he hoped he would think on these narrow escapes, so often fatal to others as a kind of warning from God to him, and remember them as such ; adding, “ How careful ought we to be to improve “ these years which remain, at a time of life when but few can remain for us \* ! ”

The day before his death, Mr. Hervey went a few steps a-cross his room, but immediately finding his strength failing him, he sunk rather than fell down ; his fall being broken by his sister, who observing his weakness, ran and caught him ; but he fainted away, and was in all appearance dead, it being a considerable time before any pulse could be perceived. When he came to himself, and his brother Mr. William Hervey, who was come from London to visit him, said, “ We were afraid you was gone : ” he answered, “ I Wish I had.” And well might he wish so, for his strength was quite exhausted, his body extremely emaciated, and his bones so sore, that he could not bear any one to touch him, when it was necessary to move him about. Yet under all this calamity he was ever praising God for his mercies and for enduing him with patience.

On the 25th (Christmas Day) he complained much all day of a great inward conflict which he had, laying his hand upon his breast, and saying,

• *Mr HERVEY and the Doctor were then between forty and fifty.*



saying, "Oh you do not know how great a conflict I have." And after he had sat for some time with his eyes constantly lift up towards heaven, and his hands clasped together in a praying form, he said, "When this great conflict is over "then——" but said no more ; tho' it was understood, he meant that then he should go to rest.

Dr. Stonhouse came to him about Three hours before he expired ; Mr. Hervey urged strongly and affectionately to the Doctor the importance and care of his everlasting concerns, as here is no abiding place, and intreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life ; but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business "to the one thing needful."

*"When done, the poorest can no wants endure ;*

*"And which not done, the richest must be poor."*

The Doctor seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke (for he was almost suffocated with phlegm and frequent vomitings) and finding by his pulse that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired that he would spare himself. 'No, says he, Doctor, no. You tell me I have but a few moments to live, Oh ! let me spend them in adoring our Great Redeemer. 'Though my flesh and my heart fail me, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." He then expatiated in the most striking manner upon these words of St. Paul, 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23. "All things are yours, life and death : for ye are Christ's." 'Here, says he, is the treasure of a Christian.

' Death

‘ Death is reckoned amongst this inventory,—  
 ‘ and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am  
 ‘ I for death, as it is the passage through which  
 ‘ I pass to the Lord and giver of eternal life,  
 ‘ and as it frees me from all this misery you now  
 ‘ see me endure, and which I am willing patient-  
 ‘ ly to endure as long as God thinks fit; for  
 ‘ I know he will by and by, in his own good  
 ‘ time, dismiss me from the body. These light  
 ‘ afflictions are but for a moment, and then  
 ‘ comes an eternal weight of glory. Oh! wel-  
 ‘ come, welcome death; thou mayst well be  
 ‘ reckoned among the treasurers of the Christian.  
 —‘ To live is Christ, but to die is gain.”

As the Doctor was taking his final leave of  
 him, Mr. Hervey expressed great gratitude for  
 his visits, though it had been long out of the  
 power of medicines to cure him.

He then paused a little, and with great serenity  
 and sweetness in his countenance, though the  
 pangs of death were then upon him, he raised a  
 little in his chair, repeated those words, “Lord,  
 ‘ now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,  
 ‘ according to thy most holy and comfortable  
 ‘ word, for mine eyes have seen thy precious sal-  
 ‘ vation.’ ‘ Here, Doctor is my cordial: what  
 ‘ are all the cordials given to support the dying,  
 ‘ in comparison of that which arises from the  
 ‘ promises of salvation by Christ? This, this  
 ‘ supports me.’ About three o’clock he said,  
 ‘ The great conflict is over.—Now all is done.’  
 After which he scarce spoke any other word in-  
 telligibly, except now and then, *precious Salvation.*  
 During

During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against the side of an easy-chair, and without a sigh, groan, struggle, or the least emotion in the world, he shut his eyes, and died between four and five in the afternoon, on Christmas Day 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When his body was conveyed to church, it was carried by his express desire with the poor's pall, and he was buried under the communion-table in the chancel of Weston-Favell church, on Friday December 28th, in the presence of a numerous congregation, full of regret for the loss of so excellent a pastor. His funeral was indeed a most awful and very affecting sight—Mr. Maddock his Curate ; who buried him, was himself in tears,—some were wringing their hands, others sobbing : many were silently weeping, but all were inwardly and sincerely grieved, as their looks sufficiently testified.

It may truly be said of him, that few lives have ever been more heavenly.—Few deaths have ever been more triumphant.—He died in the Lord, and is now at rest ; where even the wicked cease from troubling ; his name is recorded in the annals of eternity, and the honours conferred on him by Christ, will forever continue blooming and incorruptible in the world of Glory.

His Character, both in his public and private capacity, was of the most exemplary kind.

As a minister, he performed all the duties of that office with the greatest strictness. In the pulpit he was earnest and fervent, and shewed  
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that he felt the efficacy of what he preached. Nor did he think it sufficient to preach on Sabbaths only, but set up a weekly lecture every Wednesday evening at Weston-Favell church. The last two or three years of his life he could scarce do any thing more than preach once on the Sabbath, when people from many miles around flocked to hear him. His Wednesday evening Lecture at seven he discontinued for the last year. He had not been † able for some time to preach at Collingtree, or to visit his parishioners at their own houses, as his custom had been; but he encouraged them to come to him, and to converse freely upon the subjects relating to their eternal interests, and on such occasions he would speak with a force and propriety peculiar to himself.

He always preached without notes, except on some very particular occasions; but his method was

\* *This lecture was held during the winter half year at seven, as it did not then interfere with the work of the labouring people; and he illuminated the church out of his own pocket, not chusing to put the parish to any additional expence.*

† *Mr. Hervey never had any preferment given him; nor ever solicited for any; but continued a Curate till his father's death in May 1752; when he took possession of the two family livings, which (being within five measured miles of each other) Mr. Hervey and his Curate used to attend alternately, till his ill health confined him entirely to Weston-Favell.*



was judicious, clear, and not encumbered with too many subdivisions. His weakness rendered him for several months before his death incapable of speaking to his congregation as usual, he shortened his discourses, and took a most useful method of inculcating his instructions; for after he had expounded his text, and, divided his sermon into two heads (rarely into more, and never exceeding three) he would speak briefly, and at the conclusion of each head inforce what he had said, by a pertinent text of scripture, desiring his congregation (which was generally very numerous) to turn to their Bibles, and double down that text. 'Now, added he, my dear brethren, if you forget my sermon, you cannot forget God's word in this text, unless you will fully throw your Bibles aside. Shew these to your children, or the absent part of your family when you return home.' Then he gave a striking exhortation, and at the end of it another text for them to double down, so that he had always three texts; in order to their finding of which, he paused in the pulpit two or three minutes.

He indeavoured as much as possible to divest himself in his publick discourses of his usual elegance of stile, and to adapt his language to the lowest capacity. In this he followed the example of Luther, who in his table-talk says, 'If in my preaching I were to pay a regard to Philip Melancthon and other learned divines, then I should do little good. I preach in the plainest manner to the Illiterate, and that gives content to all.'

C

His

His method of catechising children in church, and of speaking to them in private, was very engaging and useful. He would ask not only such questions as were suitable to the words of the Catechism, but also such as would strike at the capital vices of his parishioners, yet without giving personal offence.

Some of his parishioners having lain in bed on the Sabbath morning longer than he approved—and others having been busy in foddering their cattle when he was coming to church, and several having frequented the ale-house, he thus catechised one of the children before the congregation:—Repeat me the fourth commandment. Now, little man, do you understand the meaning of this commandment?—Yes, Sir,—Then, if you do, you will be able to answer me these questions.—Do those keep holy the Sabbath-day, who lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning, instead of rising to say their prayers and read the Bible? No, Sir,—Do those keep the Sabbath who fodder their cattle, when other people are going to church? No, Sir,—Does God Almighty bless such people as go to ale-houses, and don't mind the instructions of their minister? No, Sir,—Don't those who love God read the Bible to their families, particularly on Sabbath evening, and have prayers every morning and night in their houses? Yes, Sir.—

He breakfasted at nine, and about eight he called his family together, and required each of his servants to repeat by heart the text which he had explained the preceding evening, and then  
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he would recapitulate his exposition; by which method both his text and commentary were imprinted on their memories: after this he had prayers.

In the afternoon, when he was called down to tea, he used to bring his Hebrew Bible or Greek Testament with him, and would speak either upon one or more verses, as occasion offered. And in the summer season he would now and then drink tea, when his health would permit him, with some of his most serious parishioners; and then five or six of the neighbours were invited; and Mr. Hervey's conversation was remarkably affecting: as he had a happy talent at spiritualizing almost every incident; and was naturally of a most obliging and chearful disposition.

In the exercise of his charity he chose to clothe the poor rather than give them money; and he would get some judicious person to buy linen, coarse cloth, stockings, shoes, &c. for them at the best hand; alledging that the poor could not purchase on such good terms what they wanted at the little shops, and with small sums of money. 'I am, said he, God's steward for the poor, and I must husband the little pittance I have to bestow upon them, and make it go as far as possible.' But when money would be really serviceable to a family, as to a prudent house-keeper, distressed by sickness or misfortunes, he would give five, or more, guineas at a time; taking care that it should be known whence the money came. He was particularly desirous of getting

getting the advice of a physician (or at least of some judicious apothecary) for the sick poor; and was ever ready to procure them the very best medicines. He would frequently petition such physicians of his acquaintance in different parts of the kingdom, as he apprehended to be charitably disposed, to give their advice occasionally, when they rode through a town, to such poor creatures, as the clergyman of the place, or some substantial inhabitant should recommend, as real objects of compassion. He greatly disproved of the clergy's attempting to give medicines to their parishioners; as he thought it impossible for them to do it with the requisite judgment. 'Let my brethren, he would say, give them wine, bread, or beer, and get good spoon-meats made for them; but medicines are of too important a nature to be given indiscriminately.' He observed, that by his own method the sick poor had the very best medicines; as the physician saw them himself, and bought them very cheap; because the apothecary knowing they were for charitable uses charged the physician no more than prime cost, with some little allowance merely for his trouble in compounding them: and as the physician knew what diseases were curable, there was no waste of medicine in fruitless attempts to cure cases, which, though actually incurable, persons of less judgment could not pronounce to be so.

He gave away a great number of good books, with suitable instructions for their use, and especially Bibles. In the blank leaf he frequently



ly wrote something striking, or else stuck in a printed paper, relating to *the promises of God in and through Jesus Christ.*

His income was but small, and it may be wondered how he managed it so well as to have such large sums to spare for charitable uses. He sold the copy of his *Meditations* after it had passed through several editions; which sale of the copy, and the profits of the former impressions, amounted to about 700l. all which he gave away in charity. He made of it a bank for the poor. 'This, said he, I have devoted to God. I will on no account apply it to any worldly uses. I write not for profit or for fame, but to serve the cause of God; and as he has blest my attempt, I think myself bound to relieve the distresses of my fellow creatures with the profit that comes from this quarter.' He has likewise left all the future profits of his works to some of the charitable uses above specified.

In any expence relating to himself, he was extremely frugal, that he might be liberal to others; and it was always his desire to die just even with the world, 'I will be my own executor,' said he. And, as he died on Christmas Day, his fund expired almost with his life. What little remained, he desired might be given in warm cloathing to the poor in that severe season.

To the instances of his charity we may properly add an incident which affords a very strong proof not only of the benevolence of his heart, but of his regard to practical religion and to the doing of every good work within his power.

A

A day or two before his death, when he was reduced to such extreme weakness as to be unable to read, and could with difficulty speak, a little account being settled with him by a friend on the ballance of which he received 18s. looking on the money with great indifference, he expressed himself to this effect; " I would gladly dispose  
 " of this small sum in such a manner as may  
 " do the most good; It is the only act which I  
 " now am, and probably the last that I shall, be  
 " able to perform. Give your self the trouble  
 " of looking amongst these books, and you will  
 " find Mr. Richard's pamphlet, at the later end  
 " of which are, I remember, some *hints* concern-  
 " ing *the means of promoting Religion in ourselves*  
 " *or others*, which ( even with some additions  
 " and improvements which you might easily  
 " make ) will not fill more than a sheet of paper;  
 " and if stuck up or framed, might be parti-  
 " cularly useful in that form; let then such a  
 " number of them be printed and given away  
 " as this money will admit of." His orders  
 were properly executed, and the evidences of  
 such an angelic temper were equally matter of  
 edification and comfort to his friends, as this cha-  
 ritable legacy (if we may so call it) will be to all  
 who receive and rightly use it.

This incident, 'tis to be hoped, will be candidly considered by those who draw such inferences from his favourite doctrine and strong expressions, of the all-sufficient righteousness of Christ, as his whole life did in the most exemplary manner confute. No man had ever a  
 greater

greater disregard for money, which he esteem'd unworthy of his notice upon any other account, than as it furnished him with the means of doing good. Surely we may here borrow the Sentiment and expression of our celebrated poet, and justly conclude, that,

“ He felt his ruling passion strong in death.”

In learning he was inferior to few. Greek was almost as familiar to him as his native language. He was a great master of the classics; and in the younger part of his life had written some verses, which shewed no contemptible genius for poetry. He had a critical knowlege of the Hebrew tongue, and delighted in it.

With respect to his private capacity, he was never known to be in a passion. No worldly concerns (tho' he sometimes met with very trying ones) ever affected him. His humility rendered him invulnerable.—When he was misrepresented and calumniated, he would say, ‘ Our enemies are some times our best friends, and tell us truths; and then we should amend our faults, and be thankful for such information: and if what they say be not true, and only spoke through malice, then such persons are to be considered as diseased in their minds, and that he would pray for them. They are to be pitied, says he, and I might as justly be angry with a man that is diseased in his body.’ In his ordinary transactions with others, he was ever chearful, punctual, just, and candid to persons of every denomination.

Yet

Yet notwithstanding these irrefragable proofs, that Mr. Hervey's opinions (even supposing some of them, in their remote consequences, were not altogether defensible) had no pernicious influence on so excellent a mind; it is but justice to add, that he guards against the abuses of the Antinomians, though he has himself been branded with that odious name.—Nay some of his enemies have not scrupled to assert, ' That his tenets ' were dishonourable to God, subversive of all ' gospel holiness, and destructive even of common morality, and very injurious to society ' itself, by making men melancholly, and regardless of business."

These were the very words of an abusive and an anonymous letter, sent to him by the post; on which that meek and excellent man observed to an intimate friend, with all his usual mildness, " Indeed this gentleman may be said, I think, " to write at random.—Surely he has never read " my works: If I knew where to direct to him, " I should desire him to turn to what I have " advanced page 124, in the 2d volume of my " *Meditations*, and such a reply, I would hope, " might convince him of his mistake."

Whatever vein of Calvinism runs through his writings, yet the weak'ning the obligations to purity and holiness of life, was the farthest imaginable from his view. And when persons of judgment, have pointed out to him such expressions as were liable to be misunderstood in that respect, he always disavowed any such meaning, affirm'd, that the fault was not in the evangelic-  
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cal doctrines, so much insisted on by him; but in the misapprehensions, ignorance, or inattention of those who abus'd them to licentiousness--- he would then add, he was ready to alter or retract any sentiment or expression, which he apprehended to be really objectionable; but that to make things equally clear to every one's apprehension, or to have the same effect upon every one's mind, was an impracticable attempt.

About a week before Mr. Hervey was taken ill, Mr. Maddock mentioned to him a report that was spread about concerning Mr. Sandiman's *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, to this effect: That he (Mr. Hervey) had written a letter to Mrs. Cooke, and there had said, that Mr. Sandiman was in the right, and had convinced him of his error; or words to that purpose. To which he answered, that he had written a letter to Mrs. Cooke, and therein he had acknowledged, that many of Mr. Sandiman's remarks were judicious, and that he had corrected some of his expressions and inaccuracies. But that he was very far from having changed his opinion as to the substance and matter of the argument: for therein he thought Mr. Sandiman was intirely wrong. Whereupon Mr. Maddock desired he would insert an advertisement in the London papers, sign'd by himself, to set this mistake right, lest it might hinder the sale and reading of his books, and thereby prevent much good. To which he agreed; and added, that he would let that paragraph stand in his *Answer to Mr. Wesley*, relating to Mr. Sandiman, only softening the expression

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pression a little ; but all this was prevented by his illness and death.

The passage in Mr. Hervey's Letter to Mrs. Cooke referred to above, is as follows ;

‘ A Book has lately appeared in two volumes, entitled, *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, I cannot say I would recommend it to your perusal ; but I would be glad if you would mention it in some conversation with your learned and devout visitants in order to know their opinion ; for my own part, I hardly can tell what opinion to form. The author conceals his name, and it seems difficult to discover his principles or his aim. Some things are excellent, written with spirit, and in a strain truly evangelical. In some things I stand corrected by him ; I kiss the rod, and, far from being displeased, am thankful for his animadversions ; though in some instances he has acted a disingenuous part ; not consulting the most correct edition of my book ; not adverting to my own explanation of my meaning ; and making me approve the whole of a person's works, where I only commend some particular part. But what gives me the greatest disgust, and will, I believe, offend ever candid reader, is a bitter vain of contempt and invective against some of the best men that ever lived, and some of the best authors that ever wrote. I once tho't the Apostle James's question implied an impossibility ; but it seems to be reduced to real fact by the pen of this critic, in the *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, where the fountain sendeth forth at the same place, in the same performance, sweet water and bitter.

Mr.

Mr. Hervey's sentiments on this strange piece may be further seen in another Letter to a friend, where he says ;

‘ With them \* I intend to put into your hand a treatise lately published, under the title of *Letters on Theron and Aspasio*, the author is a Scotsman, I presume, because they are printed at Edinburgh, and he gave orders for a set to be sent to me from thence. He conceals his name, and none that I am acquainted with are able to discover whose work it is. There are some strictures on my performance, but by far the greatest part of the book is very wide from this mark. Some things are truly excellent, and some animadversions upon me are perfectly just ; but others ( if I mistake not ) are unfair and disingenuous. The manner of writing is by no means despicable, rather elegant and spirited than coarse or dull. But there is such an implacable bitterness of spirit, and such an unchristian virulence of censure against many of the best men that ever liv'd, and best authors that ever wrote, as much surprises and greatly offends me. I think I never saw a notion of faith more *lax*, nor an idea of grace more exalted, than in this book. However I will not forestal your judgement, but will desire your acceptance of the piece and your remarks upon it.’

These letters are striking proofs of this excellent man's candour and meekness ; that though, in justice to himself and others, he modestly declares

\* *Viz. Two or three sermons he was going to publish.*

clares the *dissimilarity*, *contempt*, and *unchristian virulence* of that author, yet, at the same time, he gladly acknowledges what is right, and meekly owns, that he 'stands corrected by him in some things, kisses the rod, and is thankful for his *'animadversions.'* A temper truly noble and eminently christian !

'Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
'And gladly praise the merit of a foe.'

POPE.



# ON THE DEATH

Of the late Reverend

MR. JAMES HERVEY,

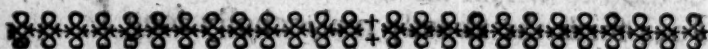
URANIA speak ! in pensive numbers tell  
How Zion trembled when great *Hervey* fell !  
When fail'd his strength, and when his pulse beat  
low,

Tell how she mourn'd to see the impending blow !  
O thou to whom all sacred themes belong,  
Pour forth the sweetly melancholly song !

Alas ! grim Death hath shot the fatal dart,  
Which long seem'd pointed at his languid heart.  
Th' insatiate Tyrant, crown'd with fun'ral gloom,  
In triumph drags him to the hollow tomb.  
Who now so well can paint the blooming flow'rs,  
Or preach from sepulchres ? At midnight hour,  
Who can so well the starry heavens scan,  
And read the lectures Nature meant for man ?  
No more his voice a careless world can move,  
Or tell the wonders of redeeming love ;  
No more shall thousands round his pulpit throng  
To hear the heavenly precepts of his tongue :  
For

§ Alluding to his *Reflections on a Flower-garden, and Meditations on the Tombs* ; — To his *Contemplations on the Night, and on the Starry Heavens*.

For lo ! above this gross impurer air,  
 Releas'd from every pain, and every care :  
 He soars aloft ( angelic hosts his guide )  
 On wings new plum'd, which ne'er before he try'd.  
 With rapid speed his golden pinions rise  
 Thro' starry plains, and skim th' empyrean skies.  
 And now, where sparkling portals wide display  
 The blissful regions of eternal day,  
 The Lord receives him, 'midst celestial choirs,  
 Who crown his head, & strike their golden lyres ;  
 Thro' heaven's glad courts the greeting anthems  
 roll,  
 And joys new blooming feast his ravish'd soul ;  
 Joys, which to tell all eloquence is faint,  
 And which the loftiest muse can never paint.



ON HIS  
 PICTURE.

By the Rev. Mr. NIXON, Rector of COLD  
 HIGHAM in NORTHAMPTON.

6 AP 64  
**W**illiams, 'tis yours to bid the canvas wear,  
 By art illusive, *Hervey's* form and air.  
 Oh ! with like happy labour cou'd I trace  
 Each virtue, each exalted Christian grace,  
 Each heav'nly gift with which his soul was blest,  
 And fix the bright assemblage in my breast ;  
 Then how transcendant far would be my plan :  
 You paint his mimic shade :—*I'd live the man.*



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